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CHRISTMAS DAY.

"He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a slave."

On Christmas-day 1888 years ago, if we had been at Rome, the great capital city, and mistress of the whole world, we should have seen a strange sight—strange yet pleasant.

All the courts of law were shut; no war was allowed to be proclaimed, and no criminals punished. The sorrow and strife of that great city had stopped, in great part, for three days, and all people were giving themselves up to merriment and good cheer—making up quarrels, and giving and receiving presents from house to house. And we should have seen too, a pleasant sight than that. For these three days of the great winter festival were days of safety and enjoyment for the poor slaves—men, women and children—the Romans had brought out of all the countries of the world—many of our forefathers and mothers among them—and kept them there in cruel bondage and shame, worked and fed, bought and sold, like beasts, and not like human beings not able to call their lives or their bodies their own, forced to endure any shame or sin which their tyrants required of them, and liable any moment to be beaten, tortured, or crucified at the mercy of cruel or foul masters and mistresses. But on that Christmas-day, of course they called it by another name according to an old custom, they were allowed for once in the whole year to play off being free, to dress in their masters' and mistresses' clothes, to say what they thought of them boldly, without fear of punishment, and to eat and drink at their masters' tables, while their masters and mistresses waited on them. It was an old custom, that, among their brethren Romans, which their forefathers, who were wiser and better than they, had handed down to them. They had forgotten, perhaps, what it meant; but still we may see that it must have meant this. That the old forefathers of the Romans had intended to remind their children every year by that custom, that their poor hard-worked slaves were, after all, men and women as much as their masters; that they had hearts and consciences, and came in there, and a right to speak what they thought, as much as their masters; that they, as much as

their masters, could enjoy the good things of God's earth, from which man's tyranny had shut them out; and to remind those cruel masters, by making them come every year wait on their own slaves at table, that they were, after all, equal in the sight of God, and that it was more noble for those who were rich, and called themselves gentlemen, to help others, than to make others slave for them.

But if on this same day 1888 years ago, instead of being in the great city of Rome, we had been in the little village of Bethlehem in Judaea we might have seen a sight stranger still; a sight which we could not have fancied had anything to do with that merry-making of the slaves at Rome, and yet which had everything to do with it.

We should have seen, in a mean stable,

world all along; who had brought the Jews out of slavery, a thousand years before, and destroyed their cruel tyrants in the Red Sea; the Son of God, who had been all along punishing cruel tyrants and oppressors, and helping the poor out of misery, whoever they called on Him. The Light which lightens every man who comes into the world, was that poor babe. It was He who gives men reason, and

conscience, and a tender heart, and delight in what is good, and shame and uncleanliness of mind when they do wrong. It was He who had been stirring up, year by year, in those cruel Romans' hearts, the feeling that there was something wrong in grieving down their slaves, and put into their minds the notion of giving them their Christmas rest and freedom. He had been keeping up that good old custom as a witness and a warning, that all men were equal in His sight; that all men had a right to liberty of speech and conscience; a right to some fair share in the good things of the earth, which God had given to all men freely to enjoy. But these old Romans would not take the warning. They kept up the custom, but they shut their eyes to the lesson of it. They went on conquering and oppressing all the nations of the earth, and making them their slaves. And now He was come. He Himself, the true Lord of the earth, the true pattern of men. He was come to show men to whom this world belonged. He was come to show men in what true power, true nobleness consisted—not in making others minister to us, but in ministering to them: He was come to set a pattern of what a man should be; He was the son of Man—the Man of all men—and therefore He had come with good news to all poor slaves, and neglected, and hard-worked creatures: He had come to tell them that He cared for them; that He could and would deliver them; that they were God's children, and His brothers, just as much as their Roman masters; and that He was going to bring a terrible time upon the earth—"the days of the Son of Man," when He would judge all men, and show who were true men



BETHLEHEM.

"The birth of Jesus Christ was on this day."

Of course these old heathens could not understand this clearly, we shall see by and by why they could not. But there must have been some sort of dim, confused suspicion in their minds that it was wrong and cruel to treat human beings like brute beasts, which made them set up that strange old custom of letting their slaves play at being free at Christmas-

among the oxen and asses, a poor maiden, with her new-born baby laid in a manger, for want of any better cradle, and by her her husband, a poor carpenter, whom all men thought to be the father of her child. . . . That young maiden was the Blessed Virgin Mary, and that poor baby was the Son of God. The Son of God, in whose likeness all men were made at the beginning, the Son of God, who had been ruling the

and who were not such a time as had never been before, or would be again; when that great Roman empire, in spite of all its armies, and its riches, and its riches, plundered from every nation under heaven, would crumble away and perish shamefully and miserably off the face of the earth, before tribes of poor, untaught, savage men, the brothers and countrymen

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.]



truth and Kingdom upon the Ro-
boring ages and the gates of

mission was formed, prayers were gained.
The wounds opened, hands were engaged,
the blood came, the tears fell, the
assembly, the joy great, an Army was
commenced, the name given, "Waz Gyr
commenced, colors were chosen, officers
were named, the march began, the
marched it on. Under our colors Mr. Booth
preached it at the West End, the Chief
of Police took it to the Old Bailey, Mrs. Bransell
took it to France, the Marshal to Australia,
Miss Charlesworth to Geneva, Miss Quibben
to Canada, Dr. James to Jamaica, Viscount
to Rome, Schuch to Germany, Tyler to Hol-
land, Taunton to Africa, Pyle to Den-
mark, and so on, till we have covered
the earth, we are passing all kinds of
great Joy. It is in our time, in our

on this day who will be a hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the tempest, the road a lonely one; the undertaking great one. Earth and hell will oppose it.

This is why we march, sing, talk, live
in the name of the friends,
the pillars, the slabs, the stones, the
columns, the statues, the statues, the
fallen, the parent, the child, the hamlet,
the village, the town, the city, the nation,
the kingdoms, the world. Our lands and
our people are the same, the same
north and south. God shall have
mercy. He died for it, His blood runs
red, His goodness spreads over it, His mercy

to breathe with compassion for the multitudes; and
 to save it from the curse, its enemies, its
 oppressors, its persecutors, its betrayers, its
 and His dead. Shall not we follow in the
 blood, laid out by the despatch
 of the blood, the blood of the cross, the
 of His grace shall be sufficient?
 "Yes, yes," said 10,000 hearts. "We
 shall not, until this Salvation Army
 and ren we will not, until the kingdoms of
 this world are brought into subjection to
 Christ." "Joy! Praise it in heaven!"
 Is it yours? If not, appeal it

ing and get ready for the valley a

"SCHEER."

"Then look up, and lift your head, for your presence drawseth light."

GREEN Christmas and a soft winter—two particularly congenial to a Canadian mind. As we draw near to our winter festival we seem literally to look forward to the snow.

By Russian verse and falling snow, the snows of the Lone Land.

But He shall come to those who wait and wait, and tarry at their post.

He need not wait, though the signs of the times be against you, and though the Lord appear to delay His coming, yet your eyes to the hills from whence cometh your help, for salvation is nearer than when you feared.

But chiefly ye should lift your gaze Above the world's uncertain base, To the bright heights of heaven's sky, On the bright felds beyond the sky.

I think of them now, and my son

those teachers and more significant failures. The teachers' failures are more obvious, but the students' failures are more subtle, inherent to the season seen to lack heartening and soul-warmth when outside surroundings are dull, moist and springing. The students' failures are more subtle, keen beneath the wintery lull.

At the present writing the general prognosis is that the students will have a mild New Year, consequently the natural mildness seems called upon to force itself upon the students. The students' failures are the gloaming smoky days of the Indian summer still linger among, the last pale

Take not of cast, though dreams be sweet.
The world is full of things that will not meet.
To see the world, a great example is,
To see God's work upon your head,
And know that He has made you like Himself,
And know that He has made you like Himself,
Never again you shall think, 'Alas!
I am a poor creature, and I am a slave,
For the world is full of things that will not meet.
To see the world, a great example is,
To see God's work upon your head,
And know that He has made you like Himself,
And know that He has made you like Himself,
Never again you shall think, 'Alas!
I am a poor creature, and I am a slave,
For the world is full of things that will not meet.

Take comfort then and be of good heart;
To see your surroundings be in the
damp, and joy, and gloom of a green Christmas,
with joy and gladness go forth as the
sun, and the world is full of things that will
not meet. To see the world, a great example is,
To see God's work upon your head,
And know that He has made you like Himself,
And know that He has made you like Himself,
Never again you shall think, 'Alas!
I am a poor creature, and I am a slave,
For the world is full of things that will not meet.

bursting with gladness. But
One whose heart was too big for

MRS. CARLETON, ...

MRS. CARLETON, ...

[illegible]

IV.

"Tired of all these for restless death I cry."

"You'll find it will be all right; as your uncle is a Christian, he is sure to receive you and help you to keep in the right path."

sleep. And again the Lord deli
Wretchedly ill and trembling
limb, she awakened up next eveni
and faint, she could hardly move
a long time felt obliged to remain
was; then crawling rather than
she said

She understands
"It was th
eba said.
gat through

was on the morning of the
no Day with God" at
Liverpool. The Canadian
were gathered at the
dinner.

you ?

and answered instantly. "I thought I was trying to find a little narrow place into which I could slip," he said. "I thought I was trying to find a little narrow place into which I could slip."

It's morning and I'm better
 said. 'My pain's gone. So
 I breathed deep down.
 was to come at nine o'clock

"Ugh!" said the doctor, "I have seen sudden death so many times, and let me see how you

